

Carlsbad Current.

WM. H. MULLANE, Publisher.

CARLSBAD, - - - - - N. M.

TEXANETTES.

A gun club has been organized at Hillsboro.

Blooming Grove is to have a large gin and a college.

A large number of teachers are attending the normal school at Kerens.

Miss Kate Ward is the first lady to qualify as a notary public in Hunt county.

J. O. Harper, steward of the North Texas insane asylum, at Terrell, has resigned.

A Mexican boy named Medina, aged 12 years, died of hydrophobia near Corpus Christi.

The members of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, at Texarkana intend erecting a \$5000 church.

The handsome new Christian church at Pilot Point, erected at a cost of \$1000, is to be dedicated on the 25th.

The opera house at Marshall is being used as a courthouse temporarily. A new courthouse will soon be erected.

Gov. Sayers has reappointed Hon. George H. Corey of New York city commissioner of deeds in that state for the state of Texas.

Nietha Baldwin, colored was shot and killed at a festival at Camden John Brooks was arrested and granted bail in the sum of \$2500.

The comptroller registered a \$29,463 issue of Houston county bridge bonds. A \$23,000 issue of Wharton county refunding bridge bonds was approved.

A valuable real estate deal was made at Texarkana. The brick storehouses of Turner Bros., situated on Broad street, were conveyed to P. H. Eubanks of Bright Star; consideration, \$6000 cash.

W. H. Hale, a farmer, was shot and instantly on his farm six miles from Texarkana. He was 79 years of age. A man was arrested at Texarkana by Deputy Sheriff Charles Gallagher and placed in jail.

Postmaster Richards of Sherman has received information that there is to be an increase of \$100 in the salary for the ensuing year. This is on account of increased business at the Sherman office.

The following Texas postoffices were established: Hillger, Pannin county, Jas. E. Pearson, postmaster; Mountain Springs, Cooke county, Samuel H. Hodge, postmaster; Shaw, Pannin county, Ferdinand Riney, postmaster.

A volunteer fire company has been organized in the fifth ward of Sherman to assist the paid men at the new Willow street station. Lee Totten, chief of the department, was elected president and Aaron Turley secretary of the company.

Twenty dollars and a gold watch were what largess got from the residence of W. D. Blasingame at Mineola.

The body of young Calvin Finley, who was drowned in the Trinity river near Liberty, has been recovered.

Conductor D. C. Ellison is back at Temple from the mining region of Llano county, where he and Dr. Osborne, his father-in-law, own and are developing a lead and gold-bearing ore, which pays \$88 to the ton. Mr. Ellison is highly elated over his prospects.

The comptroller of the currency has approved the selection of the National Live Stock bank of Chicago as a reserve agent for the First National bank of Alvarado, and the Merchants' Laclede National of St. Louis and American National of Kansas City for the Grayson County National of Sherman, Tex.

A young man named Poland accidentally shot himself in the side with a pistol at the residence of August Dewitz near Nacogdoches, from which he died in a few hours. He was visiting his sweetheart at the time and was playing with the pistol as if to shoot himself in her presence, when he let it go off.

Rio Grande railway changes: W. L. Durbin to be chief dispatcher, to succeed J. W. Ravlin, resigned. The duties of superintendent of transportation is to devote upon Mr. Durbin until further notice. W. H. Reilly has been made master mechanic in place of T. J. Shelburn, resigned to accept other service.

A statement given out at the post-office department at Washington shows the receipts for the postoffice at Dallas for the month of May were \$12,451, as against \$11,794 for the same period last year. This is an increase of \$656, or 5.6 per cent.

At a meeting of the Sherman Pastors' association the form of a petition was drawn up asking Congressman Bailey to use his influence against the seating of Congressman-elect B. H. Roberts of Utah and to use his best efforts to suppress polygamy.

PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Philip, hardly knowing why, had followed Schriften as he descended the poop-ladder, and was forward on the quarter-deck when the pilot made this remark to the seamen.

"Ay! ay!" replied an old seaman to the pilot; "not only the devil, but the Flying Dutchman to boot."

"Flying Dutchman," thought Philip; "can that refer to—?" and Philip walked a step or two forward, so as to conceal himself behind the mainmast, hoping to obtain some information, should they continue the conversation. In this he was not disappointed.

"They say that to meet with him is worse than meeting with the devil," observed another of the crew.

"Who ever saw him?" said another.

"He has been seen, that's certain, and just as certain that ill-fortune follows the vessel that falls in with him."

"And where is he to be fallen in with?"

"Oh, they say that's not so certain—but he cruises off the Cape."

"I should like to know the whole long and short of the story," said a third.

"I can only tell what I've heard. It's a doomed vessel; they were pirates, and cut the captain's throat, I believe."

"No, no!" cried Schriften, "the captain is in her now—and a villain he was. They say that, like somebody else on board of us now, he left a very pretty wife, and that he was very fond of her."

"How do they know that, pilot?"

"Because he always wants to send letters home when he boards vessels that he falls in with. But, woe to the vessel that takes charge of them!—she is sure to be lost, with every soul on board!"

"I wonder where you heard all this," said one of the men. "Did you ever see the vessel?"

"Yes, I did!" screamed Schriften; but, as if recovering himself, his scream subsided into his usual giggle, and he added, "but we need not fear her, boys; we've a bit of the true cross on board." Schriften then walked aft as if to avoid being questioned, when he perceived Philip by the mainmast.

"So, I'm not the only one curious?—he! he! Pray, did you bring that on board, in case we should fall in with the Flying Dutchman?"

"I'm no Flying Dutchman," replied Philip, confused.

"Now I think of it, you are of the same name; at least they say his name was Vanderdecken—eh?"

"There are many Vanderdeckens in the world besides me," replied Philip, who had recovered his composure; and having made this reply, he walked away to the poop of the vessel.

"One would almost imagine this malignant one-eyed wretch was aware of the cause of my embarkation," mused Philip; "but no! that cannot be. Why do I feel such a chill whenever he approaches me? I wonder if others do, or whether it is a mere fancy on the part of Amine and myself. I dare ask no questions. Strange, too, that the man should feel such malice toward me. I never injured him. What I have just overheard confirms all; but there needed no confirmation. Oh, Amine! Amine! but for thee, and I would rejoice to solve this riddle at the expense of life. God in mercy, check the current of my brain," muttered Philip, "for my reason cannot hold its seat."

In three days the Ter Schilling and her consort arrived at Table Bay, where they found the remainder of the fleet at anchor waiting for them. Just at that period the Dutch had formed a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, where the Indian fleets used to water and obtain cattle from the Hottentot tribes who lived on the coast, and who for a brass button or a large nail would willingly offer a fat bullock. A few days were occupied in completing the water of the squadron, and then the ships, having received from the admiral their instructions as to rendezvous in case of parting company, and made every preparation for the bad weather which they anticipated, again weighed their anchors and proceeded on their voyage.

For three days they beat against light and baffling winds, making but little progress; on the third, the breeze sprang up strong from the southwest, until it increased to a gale, and the fleet were blown down to the northward of the bay. On the seventh day the Ter Schilling found herself alone, but the weather had moderated.

"The sun looks red as he sinks," observed Hillebrand to the captain, who with Philip was standing on the poop; "we shall have more wind before tomorrow, if I mistake not."

"I am of your opinion," replied Mynheer Kloots. "It is strange that we do not fall in with any of the vessels of the fleet. They must all have been driven down here."

"Perhaps they have kept a winter of it."

A confused noise was heard among the seamen, who were collected together, and, looking in the direction of the vessel's quarter, "A ship! No—yes, it is!" was repeated more than once.

"They think they see a ship," said

Schriften, coming on the poop. "He! he!"

"Where?"

"There, in the gloom!" said the pilot, pointing to the darkest quarter of the horizon, for the sun had set.

The captain, Hillebrand and Philip directed their eyes to the quarter pointed out, and thought they could perceive something like a vessel. Gradually the gloom seemed to clear away, and a lambent, pale haze to light up that part of the horizon. Not a breath of wind was on the water—the sea was like a mirror—more and more distinct did the vessel appear, till her hull, masts and yards were clearly visible. They looked and rubbed their eyes to help their vision, for scarcely could they believe that which they did see. In the center of the pale light, which extended some fifteen degrees above the horizon, there was indeed a large ship about three miles distant; but, although it was a perfect calm, she was to all appearances buffeted in a violent gale, plunging and lifting over a surface that was smooth as glass, now careening to her bearing, then recovering herself. Her topmasts and mainmast were furled, and the yards pointed to the wind; she had no sail set but a close-reefed foresail, a storm staysail and a trysail abaft. She made little way through the water, but apparently neared them fast, driven down by the force of the gale. Each minute she was plainer to the view. At last, she was seen to wear, and, in so doing, before she was brought to the wind on the other tack, she was so close to them that they could distinguish the men on board; they could see the foaming water as it was hurled from her bows; hear the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipes, the creaking of the ship's timbers, and the complaining of her masts; and then the gloom gradually rose, and in a few seconds, she had totally disappeared.

"God in heaven!" exclaimed Mynheer Kloots.

Philip felt a hand upon his shoulder, and the cold darted through his whole frame. He turned round and met the one eye of Schriften, who screamed in his ear:

"Philip Vanderdecken—that's the Flying Dutchman!"

CHAPTER IX.

The sudden gloom which had succeeded to the pale light had the effect of rendering every object still more indistinct to the astonished crew of Ter Schilling. For a moment or more not a word was uttered by a soul on board. Some remained with their eyes still strained toward the point where the apparition had been seen, others turned away full of gloomy and foreboding thoughts. Hillebrand was the first who spoke; turning round to the eastern quarter, and observing a light on the horizon, he started, and, seizing Philip by the arm, cried out: "What's that?"

"That is only the moon rising from the bank of clouds," replied Philip, mournfully.

"Well!" observed Mynheer Kloots, wiping his forehead, which was damped with perspiration, "I have been told of this before, but I have mocked at the narration."

Philip made no reply. Aware of the reality of the vision, and how deeply it interested him, he felt as if he were a guilty person.

The moon had now risen above the clouds, and was pouring her mild, pale light over the slumbering ocean. With a simultaneous impulse, every one directed his eyes to the spot where the strange vision had last been seen, and all was a dead, dead calm.

Since the apparition, the pilot, Schriften, had remained on the poop; he now gradually approached Mynheer Kloots, and looking round, said:

"Mynheer Kloots, as pilot of this vessel, I tell you that you must prepare for very bad weather."

"Bad weather!" said Kloots, rousing himself from a deep reverie.

"Yes, bad weather, Mynheer Kloots. There never was a vessel which fell in with what we have just seen, but met with disaster soon afterward. The very name of Vanderdecken is unlucky—he! he!"

Philip would have replied to this sarcasm, but he could not; his tongue was tied.

"What has the name of Vanderdecken to do with it?" observed Kloots.

"Have you not heard, then? The captain of that vessel we have just seen is a Mynheer Vanderdecken—he is the 'Flying Dutchman!'"

"How know you that, pilot?" inquired Hillebrand.

"I know that, and much more, if I chose to tell," replied Schriften; "but never mind, I have warned you of bad weather, as is my duty;—and, with these words, Schriften went down the poop ladder."

"God in heaven! I never was so puzzled and so frightened in my life," observed Kloots. "I don't know what to think or say. What think you, Philip? Was it not supernatural?"

"Yes," replied Philip, mournfully. "I have no doubt of it."

"I thought the days of miracles had passed," said the captain, "and that

we were now left to our own exertions, and had no other warnings but those the appearance of the heavens gave us."

"And they warn us now," observed Hillebrand. "See how that bank of clouds—the moon has escaped from it, but it will soon catch her again—and see, there is a flash of lightning in the northwest."

"Well, my sons, I can brave the elements as well as any man, and do my best. I have cared little for gales or stress of weather; but I like not such a warning as we have had tonight. My heart is heavy as lead, and that's the truth. Philip, send down for the bottle of schnapps, if it is only to clear my brain a little."

Philip was glad of an opportunity to quit the poop; he wished to have a few minutes to recover himself and collect his own thoughts.

Philip remained below not more than half an hour. On his return to the deck, what a change had taken place! He had left the vessel floating motionless on the still waters, with her lofty sails hanging down listlessly from the yards. The moon then soared aloft in her beauty, reflecting the masts and sails of the ship in extended lines upon the smooth sea. Now all was dark; the water rippled short and broke in foam; the smaller and lofty sails had been taken in, and the vessel was cleaving through the water; and the wind, in fitful gusts and angry moanings, proclaimed too surely that it had been awakened up to wrath, and was gathering in strength for destruction. The men were still busy reducing the sails, but they worked gloomily and discontentedly. What Schriften, the pilot, had said to them, Philip knew not; but that they avoided him and appeared to look upon him with feelings of ill-will was evident. And each minute the gale increased.

It was an interminably long and terrible night; they thought the day would never come. At last the darkness gradually changed to a settled, sullen, gray gloom—which was day. They looked at each other, but found no comfort in meeting each other's eyes. There was no one countenance in which a beam of hope could be found lurking. They were all doomed—they remained crouched where they had sheltered themselves during the night, and said nothing.

The sea had now risen mountains high, and more than one had struck the ship abaft. Kloots was at the binnacle, Hillebrand and Philip at the helm, when a wave curled high over the quarter and poured itself in a resistless force upon the deck.

The captain and his two mates were swept away and dashed almost senseless against the bulwarks—the binnacle and compass were broken into fragments—no one ran to the helm—the vessel broached to—the sea broke clear over her and the mainmast went by the board.

All was confusion. Capt. Kloots was stunned, and it was with difficulty that Philip could persuade two of the men to assist him down below. Hillebrand had been more unfortunate—his right arm was broken and he was otherwise severely bruised. Philip assisted him to his berth, and then went on deck again to try and restore order.

Philip Vanderdecken was not much of a seaman, but, at all events, he exercised that moral influence over the men which is ever possessed by resolution and courage. They willingly did not, but they did obey, and in half an hour the vessel was clear of the wreck. Eased by the loss of her heavy mast, and steered by two of her best seamen, she again flew before the gale.

(To be continued.)

Unreasonable Gosses.

The man in the street car affirmed that it was a true story, but the Cleveland Leader does not vouch for it, although giving it in the narrator's own words: "I was up at the market house night before last, buying stuff for over Sunday, and I saw an Irishman up there with a live goose under his arm. Pretty soon the goose looked up at the Irishman kind of pitiful, and says: 'Quawk, quawk, quawk.' In that coaxing way a goose has sometimes. The Irishman didn't say anything at first, but after a bit the goose looked up and says, 'Quawk, quawk, quawk.' again. Then the Irishman cocked his head over on one side, looked the goose in the eye, and says: 'That's the matter wid yez, or say? Phwy do yez want to walk whin Ol'm willin' to carry yez?'"

Red, White and Blue.

It is a curious fact as well as a pleasing one to Americans that these three colors are in flags of all progressive nations, with the single exception of Germany. In Britain's flag the red predominates, but the colors in the union in the upper left-hand corner of the flag are blue and white. France's three upright stripes are red, white and blue, and the Japanese—the Yankees of the Orient—adopted a white standard with spiral red lines converging toward a blue sphere, immediately after conquering the Chinese.

To Beautify the Complexion.

For the complexion and general health, drink slowly half an hour before breakfast one large tumbler of water as hot as you can swallow, and once a week instead a tumbler of cold water in which a teaspoonful of common salt has been dissolved. This is better for the complexion than any cosmetic. Another recipe is the juice of half a lemon, pint of warm water and one ounce of rose water.

Jailed at San Antonio.

San Antonio, Tex., June 21.—Without demonstration of any kind on the part of the people of San Antonio the city yesterday afternoon and night landed in the Bexar county jail. They are charged with the murder and rape of Mrs. Madarass.

The negroes are Bahama island negroes, and speak a negro dialect with a broad English accent and a slight transposition of theirs. One is a full-blooded Ethiopian, while in the other there is a strain of Caucasian blood. One is well educated and inherently shrewd, while the reverse is the case with the other.

The officers brought with the prisoners a confession made before County Judge Hopkins, Deputy Sheriff Van Riper, Ranger Sergeant Bates and several other officers and taken down in writing. The confession is in substance as follows:

"John Sands and J. W. Hart had gone from Pensacola, Fla., with a number of others to work at Tampico, Mex., but after a short while had left Tampico and made their way to San Antonio, where they laid around several days, when they made an agreement to attack and rob an old woman whose place they had noticed while walking around near the head of the river. He denied that he had hit the woman with a hammer or hatchet, but said they had beaten down the back door with a hammer and carried along with them a bottle of kerosene, with which they had sprinkled the bed and flooring before setting fire to the house."

He said that they had struck a match upon entering and, seeing the woman in bed, both had assaulted her.

Sands said that they had inspected the place during the afternoon and returning to town, prepared themselves for the attack; that they returned about 11 or 12 o'clock at night and reached the premises by jumping across the river where it was very narrow; that they had found the hammer near the back door and made use of it to break in the back door.

He said that after the crime he and Hart gradually made their way to Laredo and then into the section of the country where they were arrested.

In confessing the Madarass crime he described the Madarass place, which is a nursery, accurately as a place with large pecan trees and many flowers. He says Hart hit the woman, but did not kill her, and then lifted up the mattress, from under which he took some greenbacks and silver.

Hart denies the crime. He says he reached quarantine at Tampico on the morning of April 30, the very morning of the Madarass murder, and that he and his partner, Sands, did not leave Tampico until June 6.

He has dated down very accurately. Before he had learned of Sands' confession Hart said he knew Sands well and had traveled with him to Tampico and back, but after the confession became known to him Hart said he had a slight acquaintance with Sands, or Carey, as he called him, having seen him in Tampico on several occasions.

New Agent.

Galveston, Tex., June 21.—The New York and Texas Steamship company (Mallory line) has announced the appointment of Mr. J. B. Denison as agent of the line at Galveston, vice J. N. Sawyer & Co., resigned. The circular states that Mr. Denison's duties will embrace those of traffic agent in Texas, as well as manager of the Galveston office. Mr. Denison has been traffic manager of the Mallory line for the past year.

Fatal Quarrel.

Beeville, Tex., June 21.—One of the most deplorable tragedies that ever took place in this city occurred Monday night. Patrick King, the 12-year-old son of Mr. G. H. King, a well-known local merchant, is charged with stabbing to death Benito Munoz, a 13-year-old Mexican boy.

The stabbing was done with a barlow pocketknife and the wound was inflicted in the breast.

The affair took place within a block of the Methodist church, where the big protracted meeting is being conducted under a large tent.

At an examining trial before Justice S. W. Jack yesterday the King boy was admitted to bail in the sum of \$500 which he readily gave.

From the evidence adduced at the examining trial it appears that the killing was at least partially justifiable, as the Mexican had assaulted the King boy and he merely stabbed at him in the effort to defend himself, not thinking that he would kill him.

Renovated.

Denison, Tex., June 21.—The inside of the Katy machine shops was being whitewashed yesterday morning and the process of doing so was a very novel one. The whitewashing was done by means of a compressed air arrangement, which was put on as a spray. It is a very rapid process and the entire building was finished yesterday. The inside of the building looked as if a heavy snowstorm had taken place, all of the engines and machinery being covered by the spray as well as the walls and floor.

Hides the Dirt.

The Troy Times tells of a visitor at a public school, who, being requested to address the pupils, spoke of the necessity of obeying their teacher and growing up to be useful, loyal and patriotic citizens. To emphasize his remarks, he pointed to a large national flag that almost covered one end of the room, and said, "Now, boys, who can tell me what that flag is there for?" One little fellow, who understood the condition of the rooms better than the speaker, replied: "I know, sir. It's to hide the dirt."

Many a woman speaks of his emotional temperament, by others it is frequently called temper.

Cough mixtures have gone, summer tonics appeared.

Exhibits at Paris.

There will be a large exhibit from this country at the Paris exposition in 1900, which will prove very interesting to all, but no more so than the news that the famous American remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will cure dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. To all sufferers a trial is recommended.

The feeling of ennui that creeps into a love affair presages its finish.

French Uniform.

Every one who has examined the campaign uniform of the French soldier has found it, to say the least, picturesque. The dingy colors of their clothing, the absurd knapsack, the unsightly cartridge box, the ugly headgear, the trousers turned up, all combine to make a spectacle of him not to be found elsewhere in Europe. And the clumsiness of it all is the first thing to strike even the most unobservant spectator.

Writers for the French press have long since pointed out these facts and have shown how such infliction in the way of outfit is sufficient alone to use up the strength of the strongest man and crush down the energy of the stoutest heart. The headgear of a French infantryman is something on the order of an old-fashioned helmet worn by the English firemen.

This instrument of torture peculiar to the French army exposes the wearer to sun-stroke during the summer and is entirely insufficient for protection in the winter months. It also acts as a gutter spout when it rains and lets the water pour down the soldier's back.

The French infantryman is about as bad off in other respects. His shoes allow both the dust and moisture to penetrate to the skin and his knapsack becomes a veritable instrument of torture. The French writers point out that fatigue and exposure to such trials are much more dangerous than the bullets of the enemy. They add that a little is the exception, while troops are always on the move, and that the general who, through the proper clothing and equipment of his troops, can put them on the field of battle in a better physical condition than the enemy, already has the battle half won, the other conditions being equal.

Few people can tell of a hail storm without exaggeration.

The sun may be wrong, but our watch—never.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVER'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Some husbands, like wine, fail to improve with age.

We Pay \$15 a Week and Expenses to men with rigs to reproduce our Family Compound. Address with stamp, Javille Mfg. Co., Farouk, Kan.

Forging a horseshoe is more honorable than forging a check.

Do Your Feet Ache and Hurt? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

Be a woman first, and afterwards an angel.

For Easy Ironing use "Faultless Starch." No sticking, blistering or breaking. It leaves a beautiful finish and does not injure the most delicate fabrics. All grocers sell it, 10c a package.

Plains, unvarnished truth is generally called, sensationalism.

The Summer Bath for Health. The bath in summer is not only a luxury, but a necessity for health and beauty. To take it properly, fill a tub with lukewarm water, use Ivory soap, rub the flesh until it glows, rise in cool water, and dry on a soft towel. A daily bath thus taken will keep the system in good condition during the warm weather.

ELIZABETH PARKER.

The man with a soft heart is rarely the one with a soft head.

Lost Night restored and the eyes cured by using FINDLEY'S EYE SALVE. No pain, sure cure or money back. 25c. box. All druggists, or by mail, J. P. HAYDEN, Decatur, Texas.

Many a man cannot be bought, but he will give himself away.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 20, 1895.

Did it ever occur to you that a watchmaker works over time?

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 50c.

There are few persons that do not care for thanks.

"Better Be Wise Than Rich."

Wise people are also rich when they know a perfect remedy for all annoying diseases of the blood, kidneys, liver and bowels. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is perfect in its action—so regulates the entire system as to bring vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints